



## Early Journal Content on JSTOR, Free to Anyone in the World

This article is one of nearly 500,000 scholarly works digitized and made freely available to everyone in the world by JSTOR.

Known as the Early Journal Content, this set of works include research articles, news, letters, and other writings published in more than 200 of the oldest leading academic journals. The works date from the mid-seventeenth to the early twentieth centuries.

We encourage people to read and share the Early Journal Content openly and to tell others that this resource exists. People may post this content online or redistribute in any way for non-commercial purposes.

Read more about Early Journal Content at <http://about.jstor.org/participate-jstor/individuals/early-journal-content>.

JSTOR is a digital library of academic journals, books, and primary source objects. JSTOR helps people discover, use, and build upon a wide range of content through a powerful research and teaching platform, and preserves this content for future generations. JSTOR is part of ITHAKA, a not-for-profit organization that also includes Ithaka S+R and Portico. For more information about JSTOR, please contact [support@jstor.org](mailto:support@jstor.org).

## THE HAUNTED GARRET.

## A DREAM.

I stood in a garret bare and old,  
The sun poured in a flood of gold;  
In my hand I held a slab of wood,  
And I gazed on the place where a spectre had stood.

For a space I gazed, then I turned away,  
And watched the sunbeam's quivering play  
On rafter and sleeper and plank and band,  
Then I looked at the slab I held in my hand.  
It was old and gray, but a trace it bore,  
From a hand that had held it long before.  
I could not read the words that were there,  
But they seemed to be floating about in the air,  
And to lie as plain on my very soul  
As I read them now on the written scroll:

Alone—alone—alone!  
They are merrily feasting below;  
Me?—I have tasted none  
Since—how many days ago?

How many I cannot tell;  
A blight has seized my brain,  
I but know—and I know too well—  
I never shall eat again.

This garret is haunted, they say;  
And aye, when I call aloud  
I can hear them running away  
As if I were a ghost in a shroud.

This garret is haunted, I know;  
My shoulder I tried to gnaw  
And could not, it was wasted so:  
I looked up, and a spectre I saw!

Its horrible, hungry eyes,  
Were hungrily glaring on me;  
I sprang, on its shoulder to seize  
—Then nothing more could I see.

I rose with a sudden strength;  
With famishing strength I sought  
Through the garret's breadth and length,  
But my search was all for naught.

Oh, the passion of pain I felt  
When I found there was nothing there!  
I screamed aloud,—then I knelt—  
Then I fainted in my despair.

I do not remember, now,  
How I came here, or when, or for what;  
But I feel, as I beat my brow,  
By the world I am all forgot.

I have no friends;—Not one  
To make any search for me:  
All that I loved are gone;  
There is none to care where I be.

I can hear them all below;—  
How slight is the wall between  
I can hear them come and go;  
I can tell what their words oft mean.

—Yet I am dying here!  
I am now too weak to call;  
And my passing life to cheer  
There is no one among them all!

But I know that when I am gone,  
—It may be a long time, first  
There may not be a bone  
Left, of my being accurst;—

Another will curious be  
To know what this garret contains;  
And then, they will hear of me,—  
If this, my record, remains.

Another shall come,—not as I,—  
(The memory now rushes back,—)  
The sun will shine bright in the sky:—  
I came when the heavens were black.

I came in the night, and alone,  
And the door it closed fast on me;  
I heard a shriek from one  
Who fancied a ghost she should see.

When the lid of the chest fell down,  
Ginevra was smothered soon.  
I can see when the heavens frown;  
I can see the sun, at noon.

There is air in plenty here;  
Air alone sustains not life;  
This garret is wide and drear—  
Long delayed is the parting strife.

Another will come, not alone,—  
If the door should chance to close.  
There will be more than one  
To batter it down with blows,

If it open not without.  
But there's no more strength in my arm;  
I have dealt my blows about,  
And heard many shrieks in alarm.

—But all is over now;  
The last of my strength is spent;  
To the spectre's master I bow;  
The light—how sudden it went!

It is dark—but I hear a sound—  
This record *must* be found—  
How my dizzy head goes round—  
\* \* \* \* \*

Then I awoke, and the light was sweet,  
Each familiar thing that my eyes did greet  
Sent a thrill of relief and joy to my heart,  
Though I could not refrain from a frightened start

When my casement shook to the morning's  
breath,  
For it seemed to me like the step of death.  
And all of that day, a shadow fell  
On every object I knew so well;  
And that fearful spectre seemed to rise  
Before me, whenever I lifted my eyes.

IDA CLARE

WHAT is my lady like? Thou fain wouldst know—

A rosy chaplet of fresh apple bloom,  
Bound with blue ribbon, lying on the snow:

What is my lady like? the violet gloom  
Of evening, with deep orange light below.  
She's like the noonday smell of a pine wood,  
She's like the sounding of a stormy flood,  
She's like a mountain-top high in the skies,  
To which the day its earliest light doth lend;  
She's like a pleasant path without without an end;  
Like a strange secret, and a sweet surprise;  
Like a sharp axe of doom, wreathed with blush roses  
A casket full of gems, whose key one loses;  
Like a hard saying, wonderful and wise.

## OVER HER SEWING.

Oh! what sweet, glad dream is she dreaming now,  
That crowns with such light her fair, drooping brow,  
As with tireless patience she bends so low  
Over her sewing?

And what tender thoughts can her work beguile,  
That so oft to herself she doth softly smile,  
Leaning silent and busy all the while  
Over her sewing?

On her pure, pale face, why does that faint glow  
Flit and gleam so oft—brightly come and go  
Like some rose-bud's shadow?—Why shines it so  
Over her sewing?

Those sweet, earnest eyes, that the stitches guide,  
Why does that glad look to their portals glide,  
Then shrink back, as if in her heart to hide  
E'en from the sewing?

And her slender fingers—oh! why are they  
So many times stopped in their busy play  
To veil the fair face? Why do they not stay  
At their task, sewing?

Ah! dream, and thoughts, and rose-glow, and glad  
look,  
And finger-veiled face, in her heart's white-book,  
Your tale was written last eve, and it shook  
Light o'er her sewing

List! the sweet record she's reading aloud,  
Three golden words from her lips so proud:  
"He loves me!" Ah! lower her head is bowed  
Over her sewing!  
ELIZA MARTIN.

## TO THE POET'S NARCISSUS.

BEAUTIFUL white stars, with red-gold central suns  
How fair ye look where God hath planted you!  
How worthy of the Poet's reverence true!  
How like all earnest, meekly gifted ones!

We pluck you from your haunts in spring-fed vale—  
Where ye have thrown your offsets far and wide;  
Invite you in our Parian to abide,  
And breathe the music of your fairy tale;—

But ah! how alien does your presence seem!  
Your faces lifted with a graceless stare—  
Lost all your pristine purity of air,—  
Of poet's fantasy, whose'er would dream?

There hang your heads, fair gifts! as Nature wills,  
O'er grassy mead, or smooth meandering stream;  
Ye blend not with the nosegay-bloom,—nor seem  
To love our vases as your own pure rills!  
A. P. O.

WE pledged our hearts, my love and I—  
I, in my arms, the maiden clasping;  
I could not tell the reason why,  
But, oh! I trembled like an aspen.  
Her father's love she bade me gain;  
I went, and shook like any reed!  
I strove to act the man—in vain!  
We had exchanged our hearts indeed!